

(U. S. A. CELEBRATION)



OF
**THE 127TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BIRTH OF WASHINGTON,**

By the Order of United Americans,

AT NEWARK,

Tuesday Evening, February 22, 1859.

SEVERAL EMINENT MUSICAL PERFORMERS, BOTH VOCAL AND
INSTRUMENTAL, OF THIS CITY, HAVE KINDLY OFFERED
THEIR SERVICES FOR THIS OCCASION.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Music—"Overture to the Opera of Martha," (*Flotow*.) Orchestra.
2. Prayer Rev. James P. Wilson, D.D.
3. Music—"Columbia," . . . (*Donizetti*.) . Miss Hattie C. Crane.

Columbia, glorious, always victorious!
Gaily thy banner now waves before me:
Always victorious, gaily thy banner on high doth wave.
Thy deeds of glory shine like a star;
In song and in story thou'rt known near and far.
Hail Columbia glorious, always victorious!
Gaily thy banner on high doth wave.
Hail Columbia! Hail glory! Hail Columbia!

4. Address—Subject: "Liberty and Patriotism—WASHINGTON
our Model," HON. JACOB BROOM.

5. Music—Duett (Donizetti,)

On to the field of glory,
Bravely the battle waging;
There, where the fates are raging,
Allike the strife we'll dare, etc.

6. Music—"Hail Columbia" Orchestra.

7.

8. Music—Quartette—"Grave of Washington," (Crosby)

Disturb not his slumbers, let WASHINGTON sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the willow, that o'er him weep.
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars, in the dark vaulted heaven, at night.
Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er;
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore,
On the river's green border, so flowery dress'd,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let WASHINGTON rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of a Freeman, 'tis Liberty's mound;
Thy name is immortal—our freedom ye won—
Brave Sir of Columbia—our own WASHINGTON.
Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er;
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore,
While the Stars and the Stripes of our Country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a WASHINGTON's grave.

9. Solo—"With verdure clad," (Haydn.) Miss Hattie C. Crane.


With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravished sense,
By flowers sweet and gay.
Enhanced is the charming sight, &c.

10. The American Flag—Quartette . . . (Bricher,)

Our flag is there! our flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas,
Our flag is there! our flag is there! Behold its glorious stripes and stars.
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag; strong hands sustained it mast-head high,
And oh, to see how proud it waves, brings tears of joy to every eye.
Our flag is there, etc.

That flag has stood the battles' roar, with foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have strove that flag to lower, and found a speedy watery-grave.
That flag is known on every shore—the standard of a gallant band—
Alike unstained in peace or war, it floats o'er Freedom's happy land.
Our flag is there, etc.

11. Benediction Rev. C. S. Van Cleave.

 The Piano used on the occasion is from the Warerooms of
W. B. & H. W. DOUGLAS—Messrs. Raven, Bacon & Co. Makers.

Cards of Admission, - Twenty-five Cents.

Doors open at 6 1-2; Exercises commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

FRANCIS STARBUCK, PRINTER, MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.